

COWBOY

A CHARLTON MAGAZINE

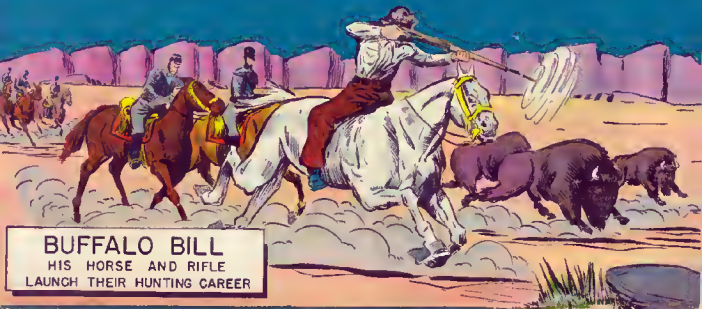
NO 21
F.P.I.

WESTERN

COMICS



ANNIE OAKLEY
VISITS DRY GULCH
IN A NEW ADVENTURE



BUFFALO BILL
HIS HORSE AND RIFLE
LAUNCH THEIR HUNTING CAREER



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

THE RANCH BOYS



JESSE JAMES



HOW, JESSE? HOW DO WE GET ON AND OFF?

WELL, LISTEN. BANDITS HAVE ROBBED PASSENGERS OR STOLEN THE MAIL BEFORE, AND THEN JUMPED OFF. BUT WE WON'T.

BECAUSE WE'RE GOING TO WRECK THE TRAIN FIRST!

WHAT?

WRECK A TRAIN?

TELL US MORE, JESSE!

IT'S EASY. FIRST WE TEAR UP THE RAILS AND BLOCK THE TRACK. I KNOW JUST THE PLACE



SEVERAL DAYS LATER, ALONG THE CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND AND PACIFIC RIGHT-OF-WAY NEAR COUNCIL BLUFFS...

THIS IS THE PLACE. LOOK... THE TRAIN HAS TO COME ROUND THAT CURVE AND THEY WON'T SEE THE TORN TRACK TILL IT'S TOO LATE!

YEAH! NOW I'M BEGINNIN' TO GET IT!



TIE UP THE HORSES, BOYS. THEN WE START ON THE TRACKS WITH THE TOOLS WE BROUGHT.

THIS IS SOME IDEA... IF IT WORKS!



WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THESE TRACKS. YOU BOYS GET BIG TIMBERS FOR A ROAD-BLOCK AND THEN START A FIRE.

THERE! THAT DOES. JUST WAIT TILL SHE HITS.

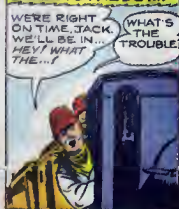
WHEW! HOPE SHE DON'T BLOW UP.

COFFEE'S ON. COME ON... WE'VE THREE HOURS TO WAIT.

AND THREE HOURS LATER TO THE DOT...

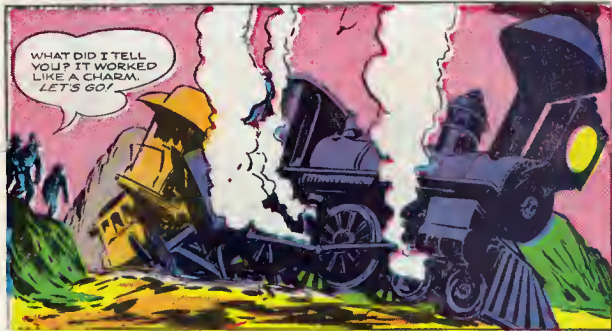
WE'RE RIGHT ON TIME, JACK. WE'LL BE IN... HEY! WHAT THE...!

WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?



EVERYTHING ON THE TRACK. WE'RE GONNA HIT IT. JUMP JACK!





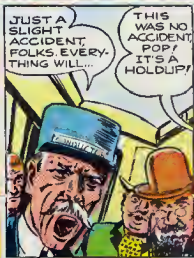
WHAT DID I TELL YOU? IT WORKED LIKE A CHARM. LET'S GO!



WHAT HAPPENED?

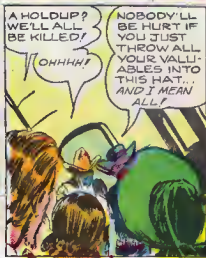
MUST HAVE GONE OFF THE TRACK.

NOW, NOW, DON'T GET EXCITED.



JUST A SLIGHT ACCIDENT, FOLKS. EVERYTHING WILL...

THIS WAS NO ACCIDENT, POP! IT'S A HOLDUP!



A HOLDUP? WE'LL ALL BE KILLED!

OHhhh!

NOBODY'LL BE HURT IF YOU JUST THROW ALL YOUR VALUABLES INTO THIS HAT... AND I MEAN ALL!



THAT'S THE STUFF, FOLKS. EVERYTHING INTO THE HAT.

THE NERVE OF THEM.

BETTER DO AS THEY SAY. I THINK IT'S THE JAMES GANG!

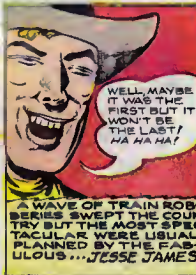
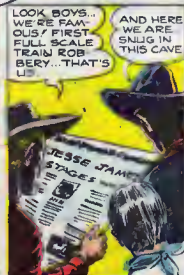
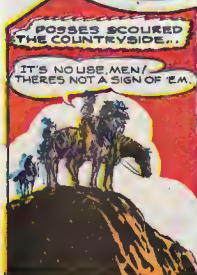
THE JAMES GANG? OHhhh



MEANWHILE, AS THEIR COMPANIONS LOOTED THE PASSENGERS...

OPEN UP OR WE'LL BLOW THE DOOR IN!

COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



THE VIGILANTES

in "THE MYSTERY OF THE ALTERED BRANDS"



ON THE LAWLESS ERA OF THE WEST, WHEN THERE WASN'T MUCH LAW --- AND WHAT LITTLE THERE WAS --- IN MOST CASES WAS MOCK JUSTICE, --- RUN BY UNSCRUPULOUS JUDGES AND OTHER LAWLESS PEOPLE --- THE VIGILANTES WAS AN ORGANIZATION OF THE FEARLESS PEACE LOVING MEN OF THE LAWLESS WEST --- WITH THE HOPES OF HAVING JUSTICE AND A PEACEFUL PLACE IN WHICH TO LIVE, ---

THERE --- YOU SEE SHERIFF -- JUST LIKE I TOLD YOU, --- WE HAVE CAUGHT THEM REDHANDED, 'N' 'G W A S RATS THAT'S BEEN CHANGIN' TH' BRANDS ON ALL OUR CATTLE."

ALRIGHT, UP WITH YOUR HANDS, I'M TAKIN' YOU TWO IN!

HAH, HAH, DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH SHERIFF, --- YOU CAN'T PROVE WE WERE ALTERIN' TH' BRANDS ON THESE CATTLE!



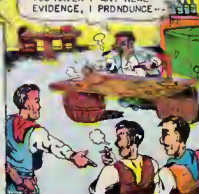
COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



AND THE SHERIFF DID BRING THE TWO MEN INTO TOWN TO AWAIT TRIAL----BUT THE JUDGE,--- AN UNCRUP-
CIOUS JUDGE BY THE NAME OF "FAT BARTON" DEMANDS
THAT THEY BE TRIED AT ONCE ---AND BRINGS
HIS BARROOM COURT TO ORDER,--- AGAINST THE
PROTEST OF SHERIFF SAM LONG ----

THIS'S NOT A FAIR TRIAL!
THERE SHOULD BE A
JURY OF CITIZENS TO
DECIDE IF THESE MEN
ARE GUILTY OR NOT!

WHY YOU -- @*%*!! X!!
I WANT YDU TO KNOW---THAT
I'LL RUN MY COURT THE WAY I
WANT TO!--- AN 'FURTHER
MORE WE DON'T NEED NO JURY,
MY JUDGEMENT IS GOOD ENOUGH
FOR EVERYBODY,--- AN SINCE
YOU HAVEN'T ANY REAL
EVIDENCE, I PRDNUNCE---

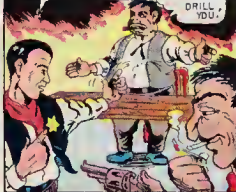


--- THESE MEN ARE " NOT
GUILTY," AN 'FURTHER MORE
I'M TIRED OF YOU GOING
AROUND AN 'ARRESTING
INNDCENT CITIZENS! ---
HAND OVER THAT BADGE
SAM LONG, I AM APPOINTING
A NEW SHERIFF!

YOU CAN'T DO THAT,
--- THE PEOPLE
ELECTED ME,---
AN IT'S UP TO
THEM TO MAKE
A CHANGE.

THE PEOPLE!.. NA!!
I AM THE LAW HERE
AND WHAT I SAY IS THE
LAW!--- NOW HAND OVER
THAT BADGE,-- BEFORE I
HAVE ONE OF THE NEW
DEPUTY SHERIFFS I JUST
APPDINTED
DRILL
YDU.

--- AFTER THE SHERIFF WAS
FDRCED TO TURN HIS BADGE OVER
TO THE JUDGE, --- THE STEALING
AND ALTERING OF BRANDS ON
CATTLE INCREASED.--- AND WHEN
EVER A CATTLE OWNER WOULD
FIND OUT TOO MUCH--- THERE
WAS JUST ANOTHER CASE OF SELF-
DEFENSE IN THE JUDGE'S COURT,
--- AND THE KILLERS WENT FREE.



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

---SO, THE PEOPLE WERE FORCED TO TAKE THE LAW IN THEIR OWN HANDS, TILL THEY COULD RID THEMSELVES OF THIS INJUSTICE,---AN' SO AT A SECRET MEETING THE VIGILANTES WAS ORGANIZED!



---AND WHEN ONE OF US IS IN TROUBLE WE ALL HELPNIM,---AN' TH' NEXT TIME WE CATCH UM' ALTERING BRANDS ON OUR CATTLE, WE'LL FIND OUT HOW THEY'RE DOING IT,---AN' I THINK WE CAN ALSO FIND OUT WHO TH' HEAD OF THIS GANG IS!



--- THEY DIDN'T HAVE TO WAIT LONG TO GET THEIR CHANGE,--- THE NEXT DAY!

SAM, SAM, WE GOTTA GET THE VIGILANTES TOGETHER---THEM RATS ARE AT IT AGAIN, THEY HAVE OVER A THOUSAND HEAD OF OUR CATTLE!



THEN,--- LETS RIDE, WE'LL ROUND UP THE BOYS,---AN THIS TIME I THINK WE'LL FIND OUT THE MYSTERY OF THE ALTERED BRANDS, I THINK, I HAVE IT FIGURED OUT!



AND A SHORT TIME --- THE VIGILANTES RIDE!

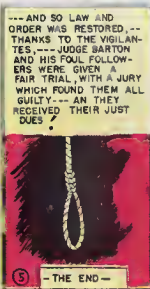
THERE'S TH' RATS!



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



Annie Oakley



DARN IT, FRANK,
I KNEW WE WERE
ON THE WRONG ROAD!
WHAT TOWN IS THIS?

SEEMS TO BE CALLED
DRY GULCH. WELL, WE
MIGHT AS WELL PUT UP
THE HORSES AT THAT
LIVERY STABLE, AND STAY
IN THE HOTEL OVERNIGHT.

HELLO OLDTIMER
WHAT SEEMS TO
BE THE TROUBLE
DOWN THE
STREET

WORD'S
OUT THAT
BULL BLACK
AN' HIS GANG
IS GONNA RAID
THE TOWN THE
FOLKS DOWN THERE
ARE GITTIN' READY
TO FIGHT 'EM OFF.

WELL, WHAT
ABOUT THE
SHERIFF?

AIN'T NONE!
BULL'S KILL-
ED TWO AN-
READY. BEST
FOR YOU ALL TO
STAY OUTA SIGHT
THIS AFTERNOON

I'M PADLOCKIN' THE DOORS
AN' GITTIN' FAR AWAY MY-
SELF!

MAYBE WE'D
BETTER GO
ON, IF...

OH NON-
SENSE!
WE'LL BE
SAFE IN
THE HOTEL.



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

SEVERAL HOURS LATER...

WELL IT SEEMS TO BE PRETTY QUIET AROUND HERE...



OH OH! HERE COMES SOME KIND OF TROUBLE!

HEY! HEY, FELLOWS, COME HERE!

WHAT'S UP? WHAT...

HURRY UP! THERE'S A COUPLA DEAD MEN IN THE STABLE!



WHY...WHY, FRANK, LOOK. HE'S CLOSING THE DOOR!

THAT'S FUNNY! I WONDER IF...

I'LL BE DARNED. THAT MAN MUST BE ONE OF THIS BULL BLACK'S MEN.

AND LOOK AT THE MEXICANS. THEY'RE HIS GANG, TOO WELL OF ALL THE DIRTY TRICKS.

ALL RIGHT, BOYS WE LOCKED 'EM IN GOOD HERE COMES THE BOSS.



EVERY BODY OFF THE STREETS! INSIDE, YOU! WE'RE CLEANIN' OUT THE TOWN, BANK AN' ALL.

YOU, LADY! INSIDE THE HOTEL. YOU TOO, STRANGER



OF ALL THE CONFOUNDED NERVE...

COME ON, ANNIE, YOU CAN'T GO AGAINST AN ARMY!



LET'S GIT WHAT'S IN THE BANK.

OH, NO, PLEASE. THAT'S ALL THE MONEY WE HAVE IN THE WORLD!

THAT SETTLES IT...

COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



KIT CARSON'S INDIAN ADVENTURES

Christopher Carson was born in Kentucky, but when he was scarcely a year old his parents took him to Missouri, settling on the frontier of civilization. There young Kit (as he was later called) passed his boyhood—close to the trails where he could see the long trains of pack-mules go swinging by.

In 1826, when Kit was seventeen, a man named Colonel St. Vrain decided to head an expedition of twenty-six wagons and forty-two men, all trappers, to the far-off Rocky Mountains. Kit, young and small for his age, although inexperienced was permitted to join the expedition because of his reputation as an expert marksman and a young man who feared nothing.

For weeks the loaded wagons rumbled along the Trail, with no sign of Indians. Finally they came to the crossing of Walnut Creek which was a well known danger spot. The campers selected this as a camping-place and the caravan halted. They quickly unhitched the mules and oxen and soon prepared their evening meal of buffalo tongue. All the men were talking and leisurely enjoying their food, when from the rear, came a great commotion.

"Indians!" shouted one of the men, leaping to his feet as six Pawnee Indians, mounted on swift ponies, rushed out of the tall grass, where they had been hiding. They rode wildly yelling and swinging buffalo robes, in an attempt to stampede the mules.

The men quickly reached for their guns and a fusillade of shots rang out. The Pawnees heard the shots, whirled their ponies about, and disappeared into the hills.

The following morning the trappers moved on—and the next evening their camping ground was at Pawnee Rock, known to be one of the most hazardous camping grounds on the trail.

The men were expecting a surprise attack, so they arranged their wagons into a corral into which the animals could be driven. When it grew dark, sentinels were posted to give the alarm at the first sight of a Pawnee Indian. Kit Carson was chosen to be one of the guards, and with tense excitement, he stood at his post.

The forty-two tired men were sound asleep, their rifles beside them, when they heard a cry, "Indians!"

The men leaped to their feet and reached for their guns as a rifle shot rang out. A moment later, Kit came rushing into the corral breathless—"Indians!" he cried, "I killed one! I saw him fall!"

The trappers steeled themselves in the grim darkness for the onrush of the Pawnees. The

stars shone brightly in the sky, although there was no moon that night—but silhouettes could easily be seen in the distance. They waited breathlessly, but no Pawnees appeared. At last, exhausted, the men went back to sleep, certain that it had been a false alarm, although Kit insisted he had seen an Indian and had killed him.

Once more the sentinels took up their vigil. It was a long and weary night for young Carson. Every rustle in the grass, every distant sound, every noise of a night insect seemed to young Kit to be a creeping Pawnee.

At last daylight arrived and the men all gathered around to see Kit's dead Indian.

There lying face down in the grass, was no black Pawnee Indian but Carson's mule, shot through the head. Kit was heart-broken at the loss, and also because he had frightened the men. He told them how sorry he was. The men expressed their grief at the loss of Kit's mule as they hastened away to breakfast.

While the trappers were eagerly engaged in eating their breakfast they heard an alarm, and before they could reach for their guns, a large band of Pawnee Indians were rushing upon them. The mules were quickly driven into the corral and the men leaped to their feet to fire.

The Pawnees raced by, pouring out a shower of arrows and gunshot, while their shrill and terrifying war-whoops could be heard for miles. They wheeled their ponies and back they came, with another onslaught of arrows and bullets, swiftly escaping beyond the trappers' guns.

For three days and three nights this brave little band of white men kept fighting off the Pawnees. The mules were in torment from hunger and thirst, having been three days without water.

St. Vrain ordered the trappers to hitch up and fight their way through. He said the darkness would help them cross Pawnee Fork. The men did as they were told and reached the stream without losing a man or an animal. At the stream the mules became unmanageable and the wagons had no time to form a caravan. When they reached the other bank they found the Pawnee Indians lying in wait for them.

"Let's charge!" cried St. Vrain, dashing forward.

Kit Carson and all the other men were mounted and followed their leader, dashing into the very midst of the Pawnee Indians and firing as they advanced. The Pawnees, taken aback by this sudden display of courage, held a hasty pow-wow, fell back, and turned and fled over the prairie. The caravan, without any more

COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

trouble, followed the winding trail along the Arkansas to Bent's Fort.

Kit was engaged as hunter for Bent's Fort, and once he and six other men went out for a few days after buffalo. They had little luck and decided to return to the fort the following day. While lying in their camp not far from the trail, they were awakened by the cry of howling wolves in the distance, and their dogs began to bark and growl. They found two wolves sneaking about. They raised their guns, aimed to fire, when to their surprise one wolfskin fell off, and there was a Redskin Indian!

"I had a sneaking idea that those wolves might be Indians! Let's tie them to this tree and hold them till morning!"

After tying the Indians they went back to their buffalo-robe beds, and feeling secure went to sleep. While they were asleep a band of Sioux Indians crept up. The two "wolves" were scouts sent to learn the strength and size of camp, after they were captured they signalled to their band in their wolf-call.

A fusillade of shots from the Sioux Indians woke the hunters. One of the hunters was killed with five shots in his body and eight in his buffalo robe. The five other men could easily have been killed but for the quick-witted Kit, who fired shot after shot into the body of the leader of the Sioux. Ten Sioux were killed and they ran off into the woods after their surprise attack.

Another summer day Kit Carson and his friend Gabe Bridger set out for Green River. They were eager to take part in those famous meetings they had heard so much about.

They started out and soon met other trappers who worked for other companies, all dressed in their buckskins and coonskin caps. With some of them were their squaws they had acquired as wives and a crowd of half-breed children. Some of the Indians who had horses or furs to trade or sell came flocking in.

For weeks they sold their wares and spent their money to whoop it up, returning to the trail with pockets as empty as when they came but without their furs. The money belonged again to the company that had paid them.

When the Rendezvous was over, Kit joined a band of fifty trappers bound for the country of the Blackfeet Indians. He and his men knew into what dangerous country they were entering but danger was the spice with which they salted their daily life.

Kit and his friends Bill Williams led the way. Suddenly Kit drew up his horse, for there in the distance was a pack of Blackfeet Indians—"Tigers of the Plains," cried Kit.

"Men, hide yourselves behind those rocks!" called Kit. "Don't blow your ammunition away to no account. We haven't got more'n a dozen rounds apiece.

The Indians raised their rifles, and yelled like a horde of savages. They galloped through the camp, killing ten of the trappers. Then they commenced an orderly retreat, keeping up a

rain of arrows as they did so. It did not take the Indians long to figure out that Kit and his men were short of ammunition. They re-formed their lines and with hideous yells came helter skelter down the hillside straight into the makeshift fortress of the trappers, hell-bent for leather.

The zing of arrows, . . . the crack of tomahawks on skulls, . . . the groans of humans in mortal combat. . . it was a real fight and the first hand-to-hand fighting Kit had experienced.

The Blackfeet would not give up. They came swooping down on Kit, and his men with war whoops.

"Take extra careful aim with each shot," Kit cautioned, "we have to make every shot count." "What'll we do when that's all blazed away?" someone asked. "Give 'em Green River!" Bridges bellowed and the rest of the men took up the cry.

The Blackfeet kept up the attack. While some of them were firing on the trappers, the rest of the tribe set fire to the surrounding brush.

"We're goners," cried Bill Williams. The smoke filled their lungs and made their eyes smart, they could hardly see as they coughed and choked, fighting for their very breath.

"Let's give 'em Green River, I don't hanker to burn" cried one of the men.

"Stay where you are!" Carson's command rang out. The rolls of smoke were almost unendurable. The flames were crackling slower now and Kit's men could feel the heat. But strangely enough it grew no hotter.

"We've won men!" Kit's cry of triumph rang out. "The brush is too green to burn."

The fire died out and the smoke cleared away as the men gratefully drew in gulps of fresh air. The Indians seeing they were defeated, grew tired of their futile battle and withdrew.

Kit called his men together and said "The day of the Indian is about done. Indians have to make way for civilization. And we are breaking the trails for that march right now."

When John Charles Fremont was commissioned by the United States Government to charter the Oregon Trail through South Pass, he took Kit Carson along as guide. Together they explored a southerly route leading through California, hoping that some day the United States would extend from ocean to ocean.

His dreams came true. It's the vision and courage of men like Kit Carson who have helped unite our United States of America. To these brave men of battle go our everlasting thanks.

DONNA DAVIS

BUFFALO BILL

ONE MORNING, IN THE SPRING OF 1870, A BAND OF HORSE STEALING INDIANS RAIDED FOUR RANCHES NEAR THE MOUTH OF FREMONT CREEK, ON THE NORTH PLATTE. AFTER SCOOPING UP HORSES FROM THESE RANCHES THEY PROCEEDED TO THE FORT McPHERSON HERD, AMONG THESE WAS BUFFALO BILL'S FAVORITE LITTLE PONY, POWDER FACE.

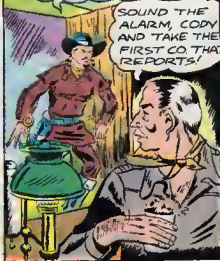


OPEN THE GATE I MUST SEE THE GENERAL AT ONCE

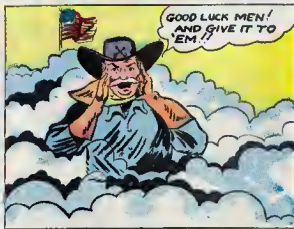
GENERAL EMORY THE INDIANS HAVE RAIDED AND STOLEN OVER FORTY HEAD OF HORSES!

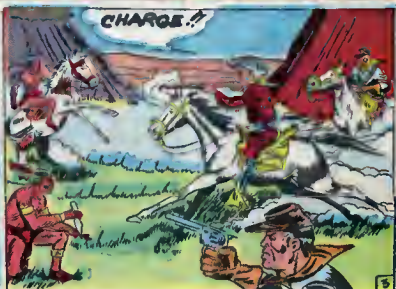
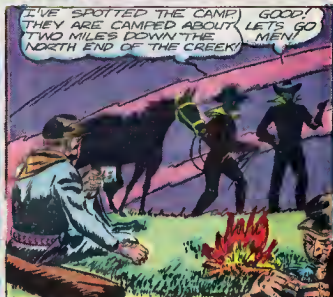
'BOOTS AND SADDLES' WAS SOUNDED

SOUND THE ALARM, CODY AND TAKE THE FIRST CO. THAT REPORTS!



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS





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LEGENDS OF

PAUL BUNYAN

GRANDPA, TELL
ME A STORY ABOUT
PAUL BUNYAN!

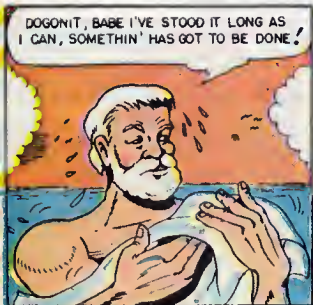
WAL, ---ONE DAY
OL' PAUL AN' BABE
WERE A'TAKIN' A
BATH --- IN TH' OCEAN
O'COURSE, AS IT WERE
TH' ONLY PLACE BIG
ENOUGH! ---

YESSIR! --- AN' PAUL WAS GETTIN' MIGHTY FED ON HAVIN'
TO BATHE 'IN TH' OCEAN ALL THE TIME!

POOH! ---
THIS BLAMED
SALT WATER!

COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

DOGONIT, BABE I'VE STOOD IT LONG AS I CAN, SOMETHIN' HAS GOT TO BE DONE!



THERE WASN'T A LAKE OR RIVER BIG ENOUGH, ---- SO PAUL THOUGHT AND THOUGHT----

HMM--- THERE OUGHT TO BE SOME WAY!



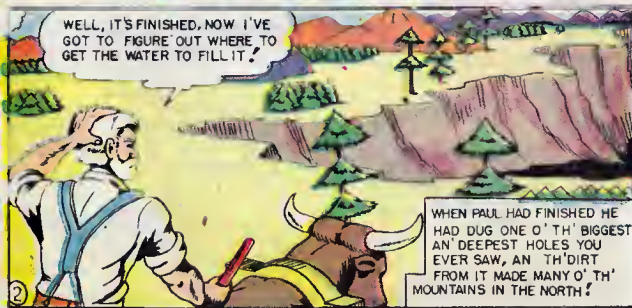
I KNOW WHAT AH'LL DO, AH'LL DIG A LAKE BIG ENOUGH FOR US BOTH TO BATHE IN BABE!



SO PAUL LOOKED AROUND TILL HE FOUND A GOOD SPOT AND STARTED DIGGING WITH HIS BIG SPADE, MOVIN' TONS AN' TONS O' DIRT BY TH' MINUTE!



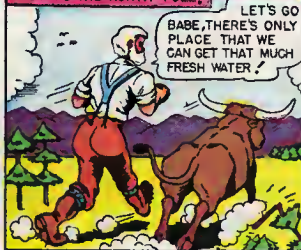
WELL, IT'S FINISHED, NOW I'VE GOT TO FIGURE OUT WHERE TO GET THE WATER TO FILL IT!



WHEN PAUL HAD FINISHED HE HAD DUG ONE O' TH' BIGGEST AN' DEEPEST HOLES YOU EVER SAW, AN TH' DIRT FROM IT MADE MANY O' TH' MOUNTAINS IN THE NORTH!

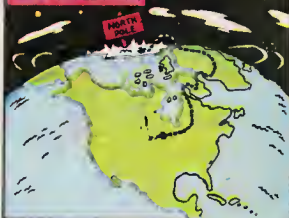
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THEN PAUL GOT AN IDEA... HE STARTED
TOWARD THE NORTH POLE!

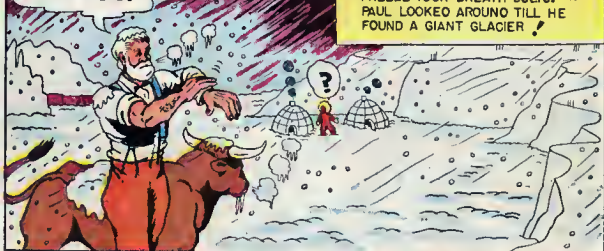


LET'S GO
BABE, THERE'S ONLY
PLACE THAT WE
CAN GET THAT MUCH
FRESH WATER!

AN A'FORE LONG
THEY WERE WAY
UP THERE AT THE
NORTH POLE!



BRR--- IT'S A LITTLE COOL
UP HERE!

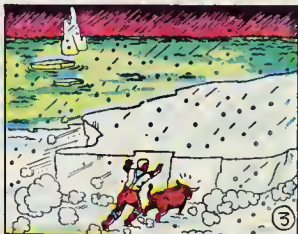


-- IT WERE SO COLO THAT IT WOULD
FREEZE YOUR BREATH SOLIO!--
PAUL LOOKED AROUND TILL HE
FOUND A GIANT GLACIER!

PUSH, BABE PUSH!



THEN--- PAUL AN' BABE STARTED PUSHIN'
ON THE BIG GLACIER TILL IT STARTED TO--

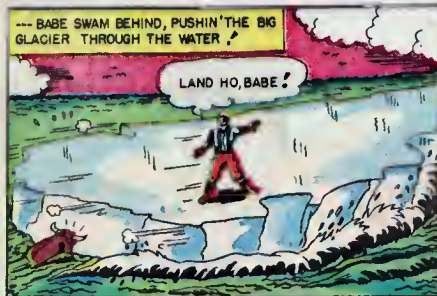


SLIDE-----
AN' WHEN THEY CAME TO TH' OCEAN,
THEY PUSHEO TH' BIG HUNK O' ICE IN!

COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

--- BABE SWAM BEHIND, PUSHIN' THE BIG GLACIER THROUGH THE WATER.

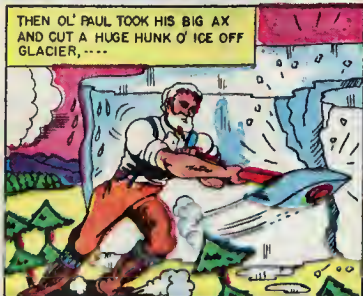
LAND HO, BABE!



WHEN THEY REACHED LAND, OL' PAUL AN' BABE PUSHED THAT BIG GLACIER INLAND TO WHERE PAUL HAD DUG TH' HOLE!



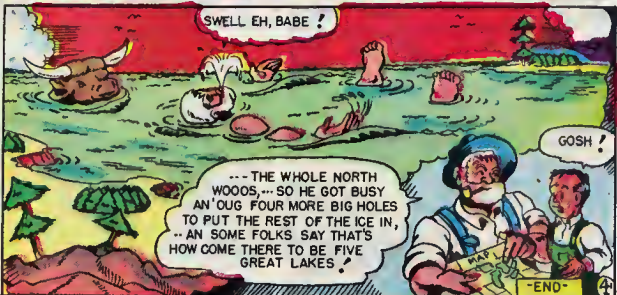
THEN OL' PAUL TOOK HIS BIG AX AND CUT A HUGE HUNK O' ICE OFF GLACIER, ---



---AND PUSHED IT IN THE HOLE HE HAD DUG, --- BUT THERE WAS A LOT OF THE ICE LEFT, AN' IT STARTED TO MELT, PAUL KNEW IT WOULD FLOOD. ---



SWELL EH, BABE!

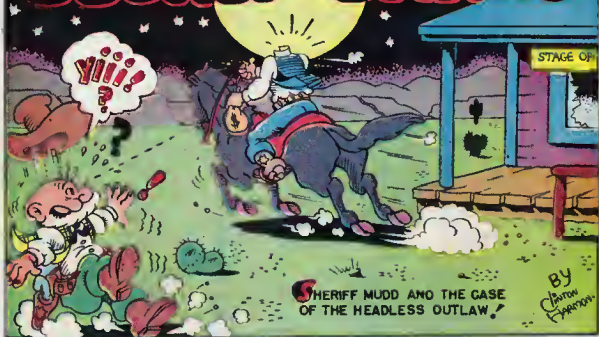


--- THE WHOLE NORTH WOODS, --- SO HE GOT BUSY AN' OUG FOUR MORE BIG HOLES TO PUT THE REST OF THE ICE IN, -- AN SOME FOLKS SAY THAT'S HOW COME THERE TO BE FIVE GREAT LAKES!

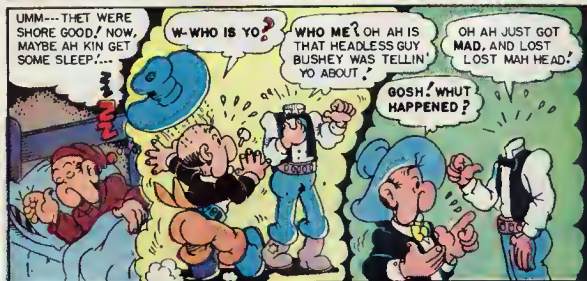
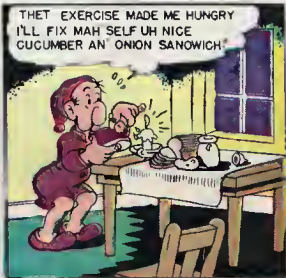
GOSH!

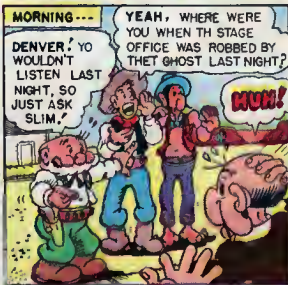
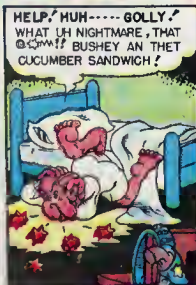
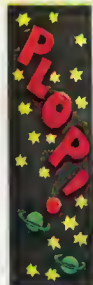
-END-

DENVER MUDD AND BUSHEY BARNS

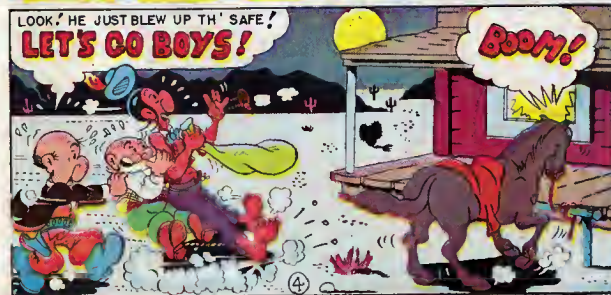
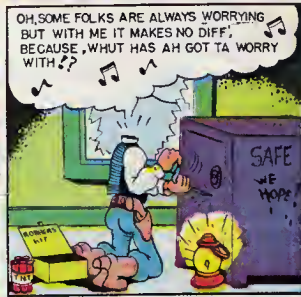


COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

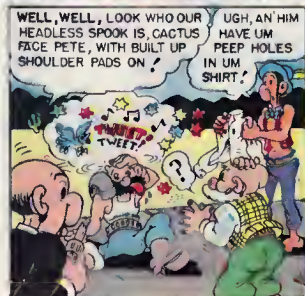




COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



THE ACTION PACKED STORY OF WILD BILL HICKOK

WILD BILL HICKOK WAS A PEACE LOVING MAN. HE SPENT MANY YEARS OF HIS LIFE AS AN OFFICER OF THE LAW. BUT SOMEHOW, WHEREVER HE WENT, TROUBLE SEEMED TO FIND HIM. FOR INSTANCE, ONE DAY IN 1869 IN A SMALL WESTERN TOWN, BEDLAM BROKE LOOSE...

YAHOO!! GOT THE TIGER BY THE TAIL TODAY!



MEANWHILE, WILD BILL HICKOK WAS SPENDING A QUIET DAY...

DOGGONE IT! THERE THEY GO AGAIN WE GOTTA STOP 'EM, JIM.

YEAH, SHERIFF, WE... WE BETTER

WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE TROUBLE, SHERIFF?



IT'S THAT DANGED JACK STRAWHAN AN' HIS BOYS AGIN. THEY'RE SPOILIN' FOR A FIGHT, AN' I ONLY GOT ONE DEPUTY WITH ME TODAY

WELL, SIR, I CAN SEE I'LL GET NO PEACE WITH THAT YOWLIN' GOIN' ON...



... SO I GUESS I MAY AS WELL COME ALONG AN' SEE IF I CAN HELP OUT

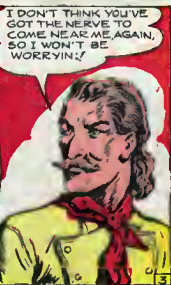
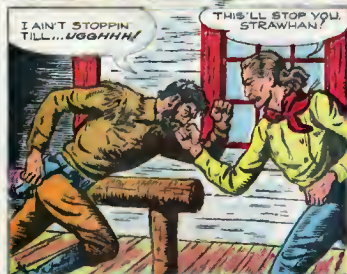
FINE, BILL, MAKE US A BIT MORE. EVEN LET'S GO!



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

BUT BILL WAS WRONG. FOR SOME MONTHS LATER...

YESSIR FRIENDS THIS IS A MIGHTY QUIET, PEACE-ABLE LITTLE TOWN

IT'S HICKOK!



NOW'S MY CHANCE/I'LL JUST PRETEND I'M WALKING BY AN' THEN I'LL PLUG HIM! HE'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT HIT HIM!



BUT FEW MEN EVER CAUGHT BILL NAPPING AND STRAWHAN WAS NOT ONE OF THEM...

HMMM! HERE COMES TROUBLE!

YESSIR, NOTHING I LIKE BETTER THAN A PEACEFUL EASY-GOIN TOWN.



AN'I TELL YOU, WE... SAY, HICKOK! ARE YOU LISTENING?

HE'S READYIN' TO PLUG ME IN THE BACK! WELL... THE MINUTE HE MAKES A MOVE...



NOW I GOT YA, HICK... OOOHHH!

YOU'RE STILL TOO SLOW, STRAWHAN!



A ROUND OF DRINKS FOR THE HOUSE... ON ME.

Y-YA JUST KILLED A MAN, HICKOK! AIN'T YA EVEN GONNA LOOK?



WHEN A MAN DIES, MISTER, I'M SORRY, BUT WHEN A RAT DIES, WHY I JUST NATURALLY DON'T PAY NO ATTENTION AT ALL.





And to think they used to call me

SKINNY!

Give Me 15 Minutes A Day
And I'll Give You A New Body

PEOPLE used to laugh at my skinny, 97 lb. body. I was so embarrassed at my weakling build that I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a complete specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

That's how I traded in my "bag of bones" for a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much on top of the world in my big new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astonished at how short a time it takes "Dynamic Tension" to GET RESULTS!

"Dynamic Tension" is the easy, NATURAL method that you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny shoulder muscles begin to swell... those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge... and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." Just tell me where you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, peppy? Do

you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for my FREE Book about "Dynamic Tension" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN.

Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension," you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the dormant muscle-power in your own body—watch it increase and multiply into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.

CHARLES
ATLAS

Holder of title,
"The World's Most
Perfectly Developed
Man"

FREE BOOK

Mail the coupon right now for full details and I'll send you my illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about my "Dynamic Tension" method. Shows actual photos of men I've made into Atlas Champions. It's a valuable book! And it's FREE. Send for your copy today. Mail the coupon to me personally. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 166 P, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 166 P,
115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name _____ Age _____
(Please print or write plainly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____